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Yes, when he your saucy noddles gives a
scoring,
You'll vent your penitence in hideous
roaring.
Such be the fate of all who wield the pen
Against the loyal feuds stirred up by O-
rangemen.

TO MY HARP.

I.

CHARMER of life ! sweet harp, to thee
I wish to consecrate my song,
And tho' unskill'd in minstrelsy
That sleeps thy silver strings among,
Yet still the pathos of thy wire,
The bold persuadings of thy strain,
Command my soul, my bosom fire,
And banish care's ill-boding train.

II.

When first in early life I heard
Thy rich redundancy of tone,
I blest thy notes, I blest thy bard,
Then grasp'd thee as thou wert my own;
Among thy strings my fingers crept
By art unaided, and to me
The sound I made was sweet ; I wept,
And dropp'd a tear my harp on thee.

III.

Years pac'd away, I look'd around,
My native country caught my eye,
And soon, alas ! a cause I found,
To dew my cheek, to make me sigh.
Th' historic muse before me laid,
Such scenes as only please the mind
That fiends misanthropic have made
A den of mischiefs to mankind.

IV.

Eria ! tho' blest by nature more
Than other isle, than other land !
Yet, discord rules thy em'rald shore,
Concordant with a lawless hand.—
Thy ancient glories prostrate lie,
Unstrung the herald of thy name,
And soon we'll hear slow passing by,
The last sad requiem of thy fame.*

* If the Catholic Board be suppressed, enslaved Erin will then lose her moving tone of complaint; she will then arrive at the lowest point of degradation. Here

V.

Mild soother of my lonely hours !
Wilt thou survive th' unwelcome day
That will my country's fairest flowers
Consign unmindful to decay.
Yes, thou may'st live, and it shall be
Thy dearest duty to relate,
What was the land gave birth to thee,
Ere sunk to slav'ry's lowest state.

VI.

Faction accr'sd ! to thee we owe,
Whatever wrongs or ills we feel—
The *penal code*, th' exclusive foe,
Is offspring of thy bigot zeal :
And still thy annual banners stream,
Surrounded by a mongrel race,
The burden of whose every theme,
Is ruin to their native place !

COLMANUS.

A SONG.

I.

JOY to the circle that now closes round,
The magical circle of hearts that we love !
Our souls in the strong ties of friendship
are bound,
And no hand shall the fairy-wove fetters
remove.
Though chains we abhor, and in freedom
delight,
Yet friendship is freedom when warm and
sincere ;
Let the charm then that girds us be ever
kept bright,
O ! as bright as those pure beaming eyes
that afe here.

II.

Hail to the moment that now passes by !
This moment to friendship and song we
resign ;
Our pleasures are winged, and if as they
fly,
We can pluck but a feather we must not
repine.

and there, and now and then, her bards,
who yet, and who will still love her, may
sing of her sorrows, but the grand chorus
of her *petitional* band will cease, and cor-
ruption and willing slavery join to revel
on her misfortunes.

O! sweet are the strains which we raise
when we know,
There's an echo in every warm heart that
is here,
That each eye with congenial emotion
shall glow,
Give a smile to the gay, to the plaintive a
tear.
Edinburgh.

DION.

SELECTED POETRY.**AUBERT; OR, THE PEASANT OF THE MARNE.**

REPLANT the vine ! alas ! whose hands
Shall plant again these wretched lands ?
Replant the vine ! alas ! no more,
Youths, that have till'd these fields before,
Shall rouse them from the sanguine plain,
Or plant the banks of Marne again !
Forth from the east let morning break—
Shall Aubert's sons to toil awake ?
O'er the brown meads let noonbeam a
burn—
Shall Aubert's sons from toil return ;
And seek refreshing shades to share
The cool repast—their mother's care ?
Let the calm eve invite repose—
Shall Aubert's sons their labours close ;
To the gay pipe amid the grove,
Tread the light dance and speak of love ;
Or, listening to a father's fears,
Learn all th' experience of his years ?
No !—morn, noon, eve, in Aubert's day,
In grief, deep grief, must pass away ;
For Aubert's sons, his hope, his pride,
On Marne's green banks in battle died !
Shall vines again luxuriant spread,
For Aubert, where his children bled ?
Shall the bright purple clusters glow,
In mock'ry of a father's woe—
As though his children's blood they drank,
In revelry, on Marne's green bank ?
Ah, no ! congenial with our fate—
Banks of the Marne, lie desolate !
Or if the vine beside thy flood,
Rise from our hapless children's blood,
O, may its earliest foliage wave
Over each wretched parent's grave !

Aubert, in youth, had felt the flame,
That, kindling at his country's name,
Spread animation through the land,
The foes of freedom to withstand.
He, when th' invader's vaunts were heard,
First in his country's ranks appeared ;—
And, "France," he cried, "I'll die for thee,
Be thou triumphant and be free!"
—The patriot, with such heart and hand,
Can always victory command.—
He fought—it was for freedom's laws—
He bled—'twas in his country's cause—
He triumph'd—and his ardent mind,
Thought it the triumph of mankind.
But, ah ! when Aubert would have cried,
(Glowing with independent pride)
"France, lovely liberty is thine—
Freemen ! in peace replant the vine !
Our rights are gain'd—our tumults cease—
Freemen ! replant your vines in peace !"
When thus he would have cried, he saw
A warrior-despot scorn the law ;
Mount with false greatness to the throne,
And strive to make the world his own !
Aubert, with indignation fired,
Mournful to Marne's green banks retired,
There, as he reared his sons and taught
That liberty for which he'd fought,
He saw their spirits rise elate,
The rights of man to vindicate !
Meantime, against the despot's claim,
The injured nations, vengeful, came !
O, France ! thy hamlets sink in fire—
Loud shriek the matron and the sire !
How loud—how sad—mid shouts, arise
O, France ! thy lovely daughters' cries !
Then to the despot's martial ranks,
Were call'd the swains of Marne's green
banks :
And Aubert saw his sons advance,
Though not for freedom—yet for France !
They fought—and Aubert mourns their
fate !
Banks of the Marne, lie desolate !
Or if the vine beside thy flood,
Rise rooted in his children's blood,
Its sanguine clusters soon shall waye,
Dreadfully sad, o'er Aubert's grave !

T. NEALE.

Liverpool Mercury.